

Baby Speech.

BY KATE HUDSON.

There is a universal tongue
Old as the human race,
Its silver syllables have rung
In every age and place.

Before its sweet, prophetic note
The whispering rushes bow,
As o'er Nile's ancient bosom float
Its numbers soft and low.

Again, when time had rolled along,
It broke the midnight calm,
And angels wreathed with holy song
Judea's groves of palm.

And still throughout the wide, wide earth
The tireless echo flies;
From wigwam, Arab tent, and hearth
The self-same sounds arise.

Their accents fraught with joys and tears
All human lips have crossed,
But in the noisy rush of years
The melody is lost.

Yet oft it floats o'er life's scarred plain
With battle-thunders shook,
Singing like drops of summer rain
That clear the blood-stained brook.

And trampled hopes spring back to life
And bear their golden grain,
As mortals cease their angry strife
To hear the glad refrain.

—Chris. Register.

Keeping the Golden Rule.

Willy's lips stuck out as if a bumble-bee had stung them. Think of it! when his own dearest mamma was softly putting him to bed, and talking to him so sweetly about the naughty things he had been doing all day!

"When you spoke so to Robbie, did you think it was keeping the Golden Rule?" said mamma, sadly.

"He says just that way to me always," cried Willy, excitedly. "And he's a-bound to break all my things, and he deserves to have his broke back again."

"But the Golden Rule, Willy!" said mamma. "My boy mustn't break that, if Robbie does break playthings."

Willy didn't say, "Don't care," but old Don't Care sat on his lips as big as life.

Mamma went away at last, and left him. She sat down by the window, and tried to think up some plan to make Willy a better boy.

Next morning Willy came down to breakfast when he got ready. Nobody called him. They had hot buckwheats and honey for breakfast, and usually mamma called him so as to have them nice. But this time she said: "He wouldn't trouble himself to call us. Never mind him."

When he did get down, everything was cold.

"Why didn't somebody put 'em in the warming oven, Katy?" he asked, in angry surprise. "You wouldn't like it, I guess, to have old fried griddles, stone cold."

"Deed, and I shouldn't thin," said Katy. "But a body can't be always doing to other folks as ye'd like them to do to yourself."

This was Willy's own idea, but it wasn't pleasant to take with cold griddles.

"Where's papa and mamma?" he asked after a while.

"Gone for a sleigh-ride," said Katy. "Without me!" cried Willy, choking.

"Sure, yis," said Katy, cheerfully. "They said they guessed it wouldn't pay to wait for you. You never wait for anybody."

He couldn't eat any more breakfast—no, not if the cakes had been red hot. Mamma gone, mamma to do so, mamma to speak like that! He went and hid his face in her old wrapper in the closet, and cried an hour or less.

The sound of sleigh-bells made him come out. In came mother, rosy, sweet, holding in her hand a lovely bunch of greenhouse roses, in her arms a brimming bag of chocolate caramels.

"Aren't they beautiful?" she said, pinning one in her collar and putting the rest in a silver vase.

"I want one in my buttonhole," said Willy, wistfully, eyeing the creamy, fragrant buds.

"Yes," said mamma, sweetly, "it would be pretty," and fell to eating the candy with great enjoyment.

Dinner was just as bad. They noticed him now and then, carelessly. It didn't seem that any one was displeased with him. Only nobody cared for him. Oh, the misery of that little sentence! Nobody seemed to be thinking to-day, "I wonder what my little Willy would like."

After dinner, mamma sat down and read "What Will He do with it?" Willy knew what he would do with it, could he only get hold of it. He would take the book and pitch it "clear down to the bottommost place in the well." Read and eat caramels!

Why, almost always mamma read to him. And who ever heard of mamma keeping nice things to eat all alone?

All at once, mamma heard a great sob. She laid down her book, and looked at Willy sorrowfully.

"Does he want to come and sit in

mamma's lap a little minute?" she said gently.

Bounce! It was only Willy; but people who aren't used to boys might have thought it was a cannon-ball struck them, or something.

"O mamma," cried Willy, squeezing her tight, "I wish I was your mother and you were my little boy!"

"Dear me!" laughed mamma, though she was almost crying. "What for?"

"O, because I'd stop showing you how horrid it is not keeping the Golden Rule."

Mamma took the hint, and gave him some candy, with two of her best kisses.

"O mamma," sobbed Willy on her neck, "wouldn't it be horrid to live in a house where nobody kept the Golden Rule?"—Willy Spring.

Can't Afford It.

"Here, Dan, is something that may interest you," said Farmer Brown as he handed the boy a bulky letter.

"The postmaster missed his mark there, sure," said Dan, glancing at the untouched stamp.

"That will send a letter to your mother, Dan, and not make you any poorer, either," answered the Farmer.

"I dare say it will," responded the lad, as he proceeded to moisten it at the mouth of the steaming tea-kettle.

"And you can have the two cents you thus save for marbles," suggested Mr. Brown thoughtlessly.

"That would be cheating," whispered Dan's conscience. "The stamp has already done its duty in carrying one letter."

"It will carry another. It is not marked," argued Dan.

"But you know it was a mistake," urged the monitor within.

"That was the postmaster's fault, and not mine," was Dan's inward reply. "It is a small thing, and the Government will not miss it—no, not even know it."

"Will you not know it, and can you afford to be dishonest for so small an amount?" the small voice whispered.

Dan trembled, for it seemed that some one had spoken the words right into his ear. Flushing the stamp he had loosened into the fire, he exclaimed, "No, I cannot afford to sell myself so cheap!"

"What's wrong?" asked the farmer, glancing up from his paper. "Lose the stamp after all your trouble?"

"Worse than that," replied the boy, sheepishly.

"What, burned your fingers with the steam?" questioned his employer.

"No," said Dan, determinedly; "I sold my honor, or came near doing so."

"What do you mean, boy? The stamp is all right. It would never have been found out."

"But I knew it all the time, and two cents is a small amount to get for your own self respect; besides—"

"Besides what?" queried the man.

"God knows about it, and He looks upon the heart," answered Dan.

"It's a mighty small thing to worry over, I am sure," replied Mr. Brown.

"The Post office Department would not have been much the poorer, I assure you."

"It would have been I who would have been poorer. Had I sold my honor for two cents, I should have made the worst bargain I ever did."

And so Dan gained a victory, and he was never sorer that he had obeyed the voice of conscience.

Post and Rail People.

A friend of mine says there are two sorts of people in the world—"posts" and "rails," and a good many more rails than posts. The meaning of this is that most people depend on somebody else—a father, a sister, a husband, a wife, or perhaps on a neighbor.

Whether it is right to divide the whole population of the earth quite so strictly, it is true that we all know a good many rail-like people. Blanche Evans tells me one of the Rail-girls sits by her in school. Miss Rail never has a knife of her own, though she used a sort of pencil that continually needed sharpening; so Blanche's pretty pen-knife was borrowed until one day the Rail-girl snapped the blade. Blanche was so tired of lending the knife that she was not very sorry.

"Miss Rail's brother works beside Henry Brown in the office of the Daily Hurricane. They both set type, and Henry's patience is sorely tried by Master Rail. If Henry tells him to-day whether the *l* is doubled in *model* when *ed* is added, he will have forgotten to-morrow; and Henry has to tell him whether the semicolon comes before or after *vis*, every time he "sets it up." The truth is, the Rail-boy doesn't try to remember these things; he has taken Henry for a post and expects to be held up by him.

I met two pretty young ladies travelling together last summer. One was always appealing to the other to

know if they were to change cars at Osanto, or not until they reached Dunstable, or if they should not change at all. She asked her companion the time though her own watch was in order; she "couldn't bother to remember" names of routes and hotels and people, but she found it very convenient for somebody to do all this for her, and never concealed her surprise if her friend forgot or neglected anything.

Being a post is often unpleasant, but how much worse is it to be a rail! The post can stand by itself—but take it away, and where is the rail? Boys and girls have this advantage over a wooden fence—if they fear that they are rails, they can set about turning themselves into posts at once, and they will find the post business a far more delightful one.—Annie M. Libby, in *July Wide Awake*.

The Pint of Ale.

A Manchester (England) calico printer was, on his wedding-day, asked by his wife to allow her two half pints of ale a day as her share of extra comforts. He made the bargain, but not cheerfully; for, though a drinker himself (fancying, no doubt, that he could not well do without), he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife.

They both worked hard. John loved his wife, but he could not break away from his old associations at the ale-house; and, when not in the factory or at his meals, he was with his boon companions. His wife made the small allowance meet her housekeeping expenses, keeping her cottage neat and tidy; and he could not complain that she insisted upon her daily pint of ale, while he, very likely, drank two or three quarts. They had been married a year, and the morning of their wedding anniversary John looked with real pride upon the neat and comely person of his wife; and, with a touch of remorse in his look and tone, he said:

"Mary, we've had no holiday since we were wed, and only that I haven't a penny in the world, we'd take a jaunt to the village and see the mother."

"Would thee like to go, John?" she asked.

There was a tear with her smile: for it touched her heart to hear him speak tenderly, as in the olden times.

"If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat."

"Thou stand treat, Mary! Hast got a fortin' left thee?"

"Nay, but I've got the pint of ale," said she.

"Got what, wife?"

"The pint of ale," she repeated. Thereupon, she went to the hearth, and from beneath one of the stone flags drew forth a stocking, from which she poured upon the table the sum of three hundred and sixty-five three-pence (\$22.81), exclaiming:

"See, John, thou can have the holiday."

"What is this?" he asked in amazement.

"It is my daily pint of ale, John." He was conscience-stricken as well as amazed and charmed.

"Mary, hasn't thee had thy share? Then I'll have none more from this day."

And he was as good as his word. They had their holiday with the old mother; and Mary's little capital, saved from the "pint of ale," was the seed from which, as the years rolled on, grew shop, factory, warehouse, country-seat and carriage, with health, happiness, peace and honor.

Don't Skip The Hard Names.

Eddie was a bright little scholar. He could read very well for a boy six years old.

He liked to read stories about birds and beasts. But he had one fault. One day his mamma talked to him about it.

He would read very fast till he came to a hard word. Then he would stop, and if he could not tell at once what it was, he would skip it and go on.

"Don't skip the hard words, Eddie," said his mamma.

"Why, mamma, I don't like the hard words. I am in such a hurry to go on that I can't stop to spell them."

"That will not do, my boy," she said. "You will never be a good reader if you do not stop and spell the long words. You will never be good at anything if you do not do the hard things which come to you. When you are at work, do not skip the hard things. God expects all his children to do faithfully the duty which comes to them. A boy who bravely tries to overcome hard things is a hero."

"A hero, mamma?" said Eddie, laughing. "Why, I thought a hero was a man who went to war and was a brave soldier."

"You can be a hero, dear, while you are a little boy. A hero is any one who does his best, even in such little things as spelling the hard words. You are not too young to be a true soldier of the Prince of Peace."

Sayings of Little Ones.

A little girl in a primary school was asked to tell the difference between the words foot and foot. She said: "One foot is a foot, and a whole lot of foots is a feet."

A youngster sat watching his mother while she "pitted" cherries. She inadvertently passed one without removing the stone. Hopeful immediately picked it up with the remark: "Here's one you didn't unbutton, mamma."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Our neighbors have a little fellow who has been taught to keep quiet and remain in the house on Sunday, but on going to Nantucket on a visit he was allowed to go around the house with a little cousin. A few days after his return home he says:

"Mamma, does God live down in Nantucket?"

"Why, certainly; why do you ask?"

"Well, I didn't know as He did, they let little boys and girls go out—doors Sundays."

We so often forget that we have very critical critics round us when we answer the many questions. Rob asked me some "puzzler" when I was worrying about the baking of my cake, and rather impatiently, I confess, I answered, "No! no! no!"

Alice, four years old, instructed him, and I heard her saying:

"Robbie, when mamma says 'No?' no! no! she doesn't mean 'No!' She only means, 'Don't bother me now.'"

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

"Attempt the end, never stand in doubt Nothing's so hard, but search'll find it out."

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 38.)

No. 148.—Psalm 110: 4.

No. 149.—PLUM

LYRE

URGE

MEEK

No. 150.—"The early bird catches the worm."

No. 151.—1. Amos 6: 4.

2. Luke 6: 37.

No. 152.—C

CAD

CALIF

CALVARY

DIARY

FRY

Y

The Mystery.—No. 41.

N. B.—Contributions of all kinds are respectfully solicited. Please send us puzzles, solutions, stories, letters, etc.

No. 164.—BIBLE QUERY.

(BY LIZZIE A. KERR, STANLEY.)

Where are the following words found in the Bible, viz: "Allegory, chant, mallows, lancet, hazel, greyhound?"

No. 165.—SUM PUZZLE.

(BY "ANN DREW," OLD ORCHARD, ME.)

K—p + 1000; 100; 1000; 1000; 500; 1000; 500; 50; 1; 5 + Yoanent-sane = what? (Give Bible reference.)

No. 166.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY "FANSY," BARRINGTON, N. S.)

My whole, consisting of 12 letters, is a very useful article.

My 7, 11, 2, 8, 1 is to put forth.

My 12, 10, 6, 3, 4 is a malicious foe.

My 5, 10, 3 is a relation.

Ny 9, 6, 2, 4 is part of the body.

No. 167.—BURIED ISLANDS.

(BY JAS. A. RICHAN, BARRINGTON, N. S.)

1. Do not answer the sum at random.

2. John and Rosa are twins.

3. Yes, so did Charles!

4. Noah's ark rested on Mount Ararat.

No. 168.—BIBLICAL DECAPITATIONS.

(BY "GREELEY," JOHNSTON.)

1. I am a king, behead me twice,

and I am a tree.

2. Behead a place, and leave a prophet.

3. I am one whom the Lord sent. Behead twice and I am the name of a tribe.

4. Behead the father of a king twice and have a kind of bird.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

We are unable to get ready for another prize competition or attend to any other work in connection with the Column this issue, owing to the large amount of other work. Be on the look out!

UNCLE NED.

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—AND—

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